

# The Faithful SQUIRE:

O R,

## The Fortunate Farmer's Daughter:

Had she consented to his will,  
when he rid first that way,

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She might have been unmarried still,  
though now a Lady Gay.

To the Tune of, Chorus.

This may be Printed, R. P.



**T**here was I'll tell you a wealthy young Squire,  
Who took his journey to Gloster-shire,  
Drest in such gay and sumptuous attire,  
Which might become a right noble Peer;  
As he rid through a place call'd Streeter,  
Strange flames of Love he then did feel,  
It was at the sight of a Beautiful Creature,  
As she sat close at her Spinning Wheel.  
He had no power alas / to ride by her,  
but stood and gaz'd on her Beauty bright;  
And was resolv'd that minute to try her,  
hoping she'd grant him his heart's delight,  
Silver and Gold this Gallant shew'd her,  
hoping thereby to have his will  
But his kind-profers could no longer delude her,  
He was resolv'd to live honest still.

Often he told her that he would advance her,  
if she would tell him her Pedigree;  
Then she with blushes return'd him this answer,  
I was born of a mean Family;  
Per I'll not be at your Devotion,  
I value not a Golden Coin,  
Though I have never a Shout to my Portion,  
my Credit, Sir, I will never stain.  
Finding he could not obtain his desire,  
he rid away in a cruel Rage,  
Knowing again he wou'd never come nigh her;  
but yet his flames he could not aduage;  
The more he labour'd to forget her,  
the freer she ran in his mind;  
To be his Lady he needs must admit her,  
Beauty had to do her heart could n't.

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With his Relations he carried a Season,  
where there was beautiful Ladies store;  
Thus with himself he began to reason,  
why should I marry with one so poor,  
When I may have my choice of many,  
which are both wealthy, fair and wise;  
Yet amongst these I cannot fancy any,  
the Farmers Daughter hath won the Prize.

With his Relations he long could not tarry,  
because he had left his heart behind,  
With that fair Beauty, which he hopes to marry,  
it that he might but her labour find:  
Then in a week, or fortnight after,  
he to her Father's house did ride,  
Saying, if that you will give me your Daughter,  
Sir, I will make her my lawful Bride.

Then said her Father, I much do admire,  
that you on her so much love should place,  
Seeing your Gard and most sumptuous attire,  
speaks you to be of a noble Race,  
You may have Ladies at your leisure,  
wealthy and fit for your degree:  
I have not want, in d the Squire, of Treasure,  
he is more precious than Gold to me.

There is no Lady most noble descended,  
that shall be honour'd, Sir, more than she;  
With many Servants she shall be attended,  
And I myself in her company:

O then bespoke her loving Father,  
may all the Powers now Divine,  
Make you for ever most happy together,  
get her good will, and I'll grant you mine.

Then the young Squire saluted his Beauty,  
who gave him freely both heart and hand,  
Saying, for ever she ow'd it her Duty,  
to be obedient to his command:  
And in some three or four days after,  
their joys they led with comfort crown'd;  
This Squire marry'd the Farmer's fair Daughter,  
and liv'd together near London Town.

Though in this happy and splendid condition,  
yet like the innocent tender Dove,  
She is a stranger to Pride and Ambition,  
in her Humility's grac'd with Love:  
So that her Carriage is commended  
by many Lords of high degree,  
And the young Ladies most noble descended,  
fully delights in her Company.